

# The Sun

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If our friends who favor us with manuscripts and illustrations for publication wish to have rejected articles returned they must in all cases send stamps for that purpose.

An Uncompleted Portrait.

It will be a great loss to art and truth if Mr. CHARLES S. MELLER'S masterly but unfinished portrait of himself is not completed. Mr. MELLER has had an unrestricted opportunity for self-exhibition, and we are bound to say that he has employed it with uncommon skill. The affair conducted by Mr. FOLK before the Interstate Commerce Commission has been more like a living and moving and speaking picture of free and unchecked muckraking than like a judicial inquiry or a legislative investigation. The community will never forget MELLER'S presentation of MELLER, but, marvelous as that self-revelation has been, the picture needs some touches which can be added only by other hands.

The Appeal for Delay.

It would be too much to hope that the appeal of the board of directors of the Merchants Association against the hasty passage of the anti-trust bills will receive even a tolerant hearing at Washington. Answers are ready to all the points made. The appeal says:

"The country waits under the pall of uncertainty, business halts and the unemployment of labor increases."

The voice of uplift answers: "Well, all the uncertainty will be over when the bills pass. You will know the worst."

The Merchants' appeal urges that the bills be submitted to the consideration of the people. This is a most pernicious suggestion from the point of view of the new freedom. Consideration might prove that they were unfit to pass, and then what?

Oh, no; the new watchword of progress is: "Never make sure you're right, for then you might not go ahead." Watchful waiting has no application to such minor things as the business interests of the country.

The Federal Troops in Colorado.

By this time there should be by right no Colorado strike question. The Federal troops have been in control of the physical situation for almost a month and in that time there has been no violence of any sort. The trouble makers realized from the beginning that there was no use in fooling with men who were in earnest in the intention to enforce law and order.

Peace being restored, the immediate consequence should have been the resumption of industry. The mines ought to have been thrown open to any and all workers, including strikers, who chose to return and who were acceptable to the mine operators. The majority of the strikers, no doubt, could have resumed their jobs if they desired. Obviously the proper course for those who didn't wish to resume work or who couldn't get it was to disperse and find employment elsewhere.

Instead of this termination of the trouble we find the situation still full of menace. The Federal power has been used not to restore normal conditions by opening the mines but to prolong the state of unrest by virtually keeping them closed. The prohibition against the employment of any men not on the mine payrolls prior to the shut-down amounts to the adoption of the cause of the strikers by the Federal Government. It is altogether outside and beyond the legitimate function of preserving peace. It is an invasion both of State rights and private rights. It is a factional act in violation of constitutional restrictions, and it is calculated to reduce the prestige of the Federal Administration among law respecting citizens.

Withal, as a means of averting mob violence, it seems a foolish and futile restriction so long as the mines are allowed to open at all. On Monday the Forbes mine opened with ninety-one men who were employed before the strike. The animosity of the strikers against these is likely to be as great as if strike breakers were employed, perhaps greater. They can continue at work only under guard. In a word, any opening of the mines is a provocation to disorder under present conditions, and opening them with feeble

gangs insufficient, as the strikers very well know, for effective or profitable work, is an encouragement to the latter to keep up their organization in hopes of future opportunities for mischief. If the miners' grievances call for remedy, this is a matter for the Colorado Legislature to deal with, and it should be taken up not in a mood of hysteria but at a time of tranquillity. There is only one sound way of ending the present crisis. The owners of the mines should be placed in a position to operate them with security according to their own ideas under existing laws. The forces of riot, destruction and defiance of law would soon disperse in presence of a realized defeat. Later on the public opinion of the State will compel reforms if they are really needed.

Meantime the Federal forces should be allowed to exercise no function save their proper one of preserving peace.

Is There No Cure for Fools?

When comes that final day on which all wrongdoing shall be adequately and appropriately punished, blackmailers will unquestionably be put in possession of the exact anatomical details of all family skeletons, and their victims will be supplied with wisdom and backbone enough not to pay a cent. The tantalizing possibilities of their knowledge will plague the blackmailers through eternity; the recognition of their sinfulness in even paying a cent of tribute will be the sufficient penalty of those who were bled on earth. These will be the satisfactory and effective practices in a modern, card indexed hell, not the less dreadful because it will not be uncomfortably warm, as yesterday was.

Blackmail may be traced back to the very furthest edge of history, and then it was a firmly established institution. Scholars fix its beginning at the remote day when evolution reached the point of producing the first fool. His name is not recorded, but his seed was prolific, and his descendants contribute most of the discomforts to mankind today. Their principal offending is in enabling blackmailers to live. If there were no fools, no blackmailers could survive. Either they would starve to death, which would be the best thing for the race, or they would have to go to honest labor, which would put an end to the scarcity of farmhands.

Some philosophers hold that the victims of blackmailers are worse than the blackmailers themselves, but this cannot be allowed. A man who robs his employer, murders his benefactor, tortures an aged, crippled woman to get the wage of her floor scrubbing; a woman who sells her body, betrays her lover, seduces little girls to debauchery; these are mighty bad characters, but the creature who takes from them the profits of their nefarious conduct as the price of silence sinks so far below the lowest of them that no moral plumb line long enough to sound the depths of his iniquity and loathsomeness has ever been woven.

Once in a while the criminal courts lift a corner of the blanket that hides these things from decent folk. Then we understand why intelligent persons instinctively hold aloof from strangers. Think of the time of day with the victim of a blackmailer! And the moral deterioration involved in saying good morning to the blackmailer!

The Drift Away From England in Canada.

The appointment of another member of the royal family, Prince ALEXANDER OF TECK, to succeed the Duke of CONNAUGHT as Governor-General of Canada, is in pursuance of a settled policy to stimulate loyalty in the Dominion. In commenting upon the appointment when it was made earlier in the month the Ottawa Free Press said with what seemed a touch of satire:

"The opinion is that Canada will continue to receive Princes of the royal blood as Governors-General hereafter. It is thought that in the course of a few years the post may be made permanent and that a Prince once appointed to represent the King in Australia, Canada and the other overseas possessions may be appointed for life."

There can be no doubt that attachment to the Crown would be strained to the breaking point by the constant reminder that Canada was a royal possession, at least nominally. Since the federation of the provinces and until the Duke of CONNAUGHT was sent out the Governors-General were not members of the royal family, although the Marquis of LORNE was a relative by marriage. The loyalty of Canada was not in question when Sir JOHN YONGE, the Earl of DUFFERIN, Lord STANLEY, the Earl of MINTO and Earl Grey represented Great Britain at Ottawa. Today it has become a solicitude of the Government to prevent further decline of Canada's regard for the mother country. In localities the people are still proud of the British connection and they resent the imputation that they are not loyal to the throne. But in the Dominion at large the drift is away from the old love and from the old traditions.

A correspondent of the London Times has made a study of the process of detachment, and he goes so far as to say that Canada is being Americanized. This does not mean that Canadians desire annexation; it means that British influence in the country is waning, and that the organization of a republic may be nearer than the British statesmen care to believe. The Americans who have migrated to Canada, chiefly to the West, are in a minority, and many of them were not born in the States but in continental Europe; but they have an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. This influence is logical enough, for American newspapers and periodicals have a very large circulation throughout Canada, and the Canadian parcel post brings into the country a vast amount of American merchandise and advertising matter. The news printed in these American papers deals largely with

the interests, policies and achievements of the United States and touches but lightly upon what is supposed to concern exclusively British people and loyal colonials. Thus the Canadians at present are as well informed about the occupation of Vera Cruz as Americans themselves, while Ulster receives but slight attention.

In other respects Canada is becoming Americanized in sentiment. The most popular sport is baseball. Twenty years ago an attendance of 300 at a baseball game in Toronto or Montreal was large; to-day from 5,000 to 12,000 persons see the teams of the International League play. Cricket has almost passed out—there are comparatively few clubs and interest is languid. Organized labor in Canada is thoroughly American in spirit, the headquarters of the great unions being in the United States. But aside from the American invasion corporately and spiritually, it is a fact that in Canada to-day the French and foreign elements nearly balance the population of British antecedents. As to Canada West, Mgr. LANGRIS, a Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, says that "a referendum would not declare in favor of the British flag but of the Stars and Stripes." In Canada East the best friends of England, he maintains, are to be found among the French Canadians. Surveying conditions as they exist the country over, the purpose of sending out princes of the blood to represent the mother country is plain enough, but the wisdom of rejecting men of affairs and proved administrative capacity like DUFFERIN and Earl GREY may be seriously questioned.

Three Months Without a Compass.

When heats as of the tropic climate burn all our sagging city through; when Clive Fame, drooping visibly, looks wearily upon an inflamed and irritated population, disgusted at this May playing July; then do we find refrigeration in remembering our West Westchesterian contemporary the Mount Pleasant Compass, whereby Pleasantville steers. "During the months of June, July and August," says the Hon. EDWARD M. HENRY, editor of that palladium of our liberties, "there will be no issues of the Compass. It has become necessary for the editor to take a rest and as there is no one available to fill his place at the same salary he received, the vacation is ordered." Subscribers will be furnished with any other country weekly they want for the three missing months, or their subscriptions will be renewed for that time. What could be fairer? And the editor deserves his furlough. He has been writing practically the whole paper, though of course the poets' scribbled columns were largely volunteered. Yet even there an official man of feet, the same all accomplished editor, we like to believe, marched magnificently with the best of them. This much enduring universal man is "Man About Town," "Vanderer," "Cipriano," the sympathetic student of Italian citizenship, "Queer Jay." He is the local reporting force. The keys on one type-writer have responded to all these fingers of manifold energy and suggestion of fact and imagination. To whom belongs a quarter of the year off if not to this all admirable Crichton of West Westchester? He is staff and line, officers and soldiers. Strictly speaking, he must be entitled to at least ten years of holiday.

In the multifarious one's absence the printing plant will be run as usual. 'Tis by this, our rural publishing and printing friends tell us, that the money comes in, flows in sometimes. Our Mr. HENRY can afford to go, we take it. In vain does he warn a pigheaded race that "running a country newspaper is no dream of joy. There is little material reward for the work." If some Devil on Two Stricks could show us the inside of thousands of urban newspaper men's pates, shouldn't we see that "dream of joy" there registered ineffectually but hopefully by many or most of the tribe? Shall not the most accomplished young cynic cockney of a reporter, resplendent in the best raiment of Broadway and pickled in the cynicism of Lobsteria, shall not even that citified sage (caught six months or so ago on the banks of the Wabash or in the recesses of the Ozarks), shall he not look longingly to becoming a country editor, with a "bang up" job shop, to golf not too far away, hens and a gander and the other stigmata of domestic bliss?

And here is the lord of the Compass adding three months vacation to the felicities of the bucolic Greeley. May he return with a tan thicker than the elephant's binding and healthier than health!

Operettas Heard Again.

ANDREAS DIPPEL'S scheme of reviving the famous operettas of the past at the Century Theatre is an attempt to place these little masterpieces on a level with operas of a more serious character. It has usually happened that operettas lost their interest for the public along with their novelty just as dramatic works do in this city. Consequently a few of them have been sung later with the same success that accompanied their first performances. Only the masterpieces of GILBERT and SULLIVAN have proved equal to the test in recent seasons. The works of OFFENBACH have been many times revived since they were first sung here, but the glory of their original representations has never been equalled.

The repetition of familiar operettas in those days depended on conditions that do not exist now. The public was anxious to see each succeeding divette in the famous rôles of the operetta repertoire. It might be MARIE ALMEY or PAOLA MARIE or THEO, who followed one another as the heroines of OFFENBACH or LECOCQ. There were traditions of the important rôles of opera bouffe then and the aspirants for the honors of the heroines were eagerly watched and estimated. There is no such excuse now for the repetition

of old works. It is the operetta and not the singer, just as it is the play and not the actor, that appeals to the present day public.

It will be interesting to see the attitude of New York toward its old favorites of the French and Austrian repertoire when they are put on for occasional performances at the Century Theatre. Mr. DIPPEL is wisely making them a secondary feature of his enterprise, for he knows that it is really only with novelties that success in the fullest theatrical sense is to be gained here. Probably when "La Belle Hélène" and "Die Fledermaus" were in the first flush of their popularity some old boy was urging that the better things of the past be revived. There is always somebody to do this.

In the character of JACOB A. RILS, who died yesterday, the quality of uncalculating devotion to the cause which engaged his interest and enlisted his support was perhaps most conspicuous. For the work of social reform, to which he devoted all his energy, he was peculiarly well trained. He had, it would seem, the persistence of a bulldog, his subterfuges and his shifts and patches he knew from harsh personal experience and from sympathetic observation guided by a sure instinct. He had the frankness of a child; he could not conceal an impulse or hide a sentiment. Yet he was not blind, as too many less informed persons are, to the survival of hope, the persistence of a capacity for pleasure, and the amazing tenacity of loyalty in the most distressful and unpropitious circumstances. Never did JACOB RILS reduce the poor and oppressed to an arithmetical formula or degrade them from the plane of humanity to the level of a social unit. From this saving sanity of outlook his work derived peculiar force for good and power of benefit which the book philanthropist too seldom attains; through it he did worthy things, and earned the title of a good man.

Who has the motion picture rights for the arrival and departure of the Vatelard?

That General HUERTA intends to give up the Presidency and leave the country is the subject of much talk. He is said to be planning to leave the country for the city of Mexico—Vera Cruz, perhaps.

It is difficult to imagine anybody who knows less about the dictator's plans and purposes than "a refugee from the city of Mexico."

It seems like the irony of fate that GUSTAV HAMEL, the British aviator who was planning to make the Atlantic passage in August, should be lost in the strip of water between Kent and France. Mr. HAMEL was as much at home in an aeroplane as most automobile drivers are in their cars, and he had ceased to have any fears about his safety. He was not only an experienced aviator but a good mechanic. There was no man in England who was so well qualified to make the passage.

He was the fashion to ask him to take novices up. Women felt themselves secure with GUSTAV HAMEL at the wheel. Yet there came an emergency when he could not take care of himself. He put out over the sea with no passengers and was swallowed up. Is there anything more certain than a tragedy of the aviator who makes a habit of using the aeroplane as a conveyance?

If Alderman BRIDELL'S ordinance requiring surface cars to adopt the near side stop plan should be adopted and should eventually result in New York getting clean streets, what a public benefactor Mr. BRIDELL would be!

For once the recall seems to have a legitimate occasion. There is a movement on foot headed by the Law and Order League of Denver to apply it to Judge BEN B. LINTON, who is now in the very center of the limelight with the help of the Colorado mine troubles. As the attempt to punish the Judge has no reference to any judicial act, but rather to an abuse of the judicial dignity and a violation of judicial obligation by arraying himself on the side of illegality and disorder, even those who are opposed to the recall on principle can regard this instance with equanimity as a sort of poetic justice; the demagogic idea turned on the demagogue.

When the new committee on park concessions in this city formulates its rules it is to be hoped some slight concession will be made to aesthetic considerations. City Hall and its park might be ornaments to the city, but in any other city much pains would be taken to make them ornamental. But in no other city in the world would the chosen decorations be long rows of bootblacks' chairs with waving pennants in the shape of black and yellow polishing cloths, the proprietors standing by as living statues in bud and bloom and grimy faces. Think of such a lineup before the Guildhall in London or the Hotel de Ville in Paris! In New York just now we are spending a good deal of money to beautify the city, but we never even give a thought to making it look its best.

Even though the Kaiser's fifth son should make a love match outside the purple, there is no serious fear of the Habsburg line becoming extinct for lack of male heirs. For a man of his age WILLIAM II. is somewhat multitudinously a grandfather of boys. He might spare one son to romance.

HUERTA insists on the right to run again for office, while the Constitutionalists are trying to make even a run for life impossible to him. As an optimist he is making something of a record.

Hungarian Democracy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I congratulate THE SUN upon its broad-mindedness in reporting the Magyar-Slovak election. While the majority of the Magyar press reported there were no representatives of the American press present. I still maintain that the movement among the Magyars is a step toward the realization of universal suffrage is of general interest. We contend that universal suffrage will mean in the long run the democracy of Hungary. And are not the people's rights and democracy of special interest to every free born American?

Z. T. DE KARMAE,  
Secretary Debate Committee.  
New York, May 26.

Money Given Away Here!  
If "A Descendant" who sent a sum of money to "General James Norris Morgan" for a patriotic purpose will disclose his name and address to THE SUN the money will be turned over to the cause for which the purpose for which the contribution was made. If the name and address of "A Descendant" are not forthcoming within a fortnight THE SUN will send the money to the French Hospital in West Thirty-fourth street.

THE PERFECT FEMINIST.

A Trained and Doting Husband's Tribute to a Notable Woman.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I am surprised that no true disciple of "Feminism" has offered a word of advice to the editor of THE SUN. The fact is not that I am a feminist, but that I am a man of the day with my cherished household duties, I feel that I must lay them aside long enough to point out to her the cause of her failure. The fact is not that I am a feminist, but that I am a man of the day with my cherished household duties, I feel that I must lay them aside long enough to point out to her the cause of her failure. The fact is not that I am a feminist, but that I am a man of the day with my cherished household duties, I feel that I must lay them aside long enough to point out to her the cause of her failure.

I feel almost ashamed to speak of my own experiences instead of dwelling on the far more important accomplishments of my beloved wife; but the nature of your correspondent's needs with respect to her husband's training must be my excuse.

I was naturally discriminating tastes. I was careful throughout childhood and youth to preserve and cultivate in myself those qualities of gentility and refinement which he would realize the highest character of true manhood; and to my assiduous cultivation of all that is sweetest and best in manly promise I attribute my selection as the helpmeet of a truly noble and advanced woman, a married young man. Being naturally of an unassuming nature, I doubted my ability to support a family at that tender age; but I was not to be deterred. I realized that she would soon be able to arrange those subordinate details, I yielded to her persuasions and we were wedded in the very bloom of my youthful manhood.

I had not a single notion of feminism then, although well prepared for its reception. My adored wife proceeded with my education systematically yet discreetly, being careful not to shock my sensibilities by demanding a too sudden departure from the habits of my life. We kept no servant, and on my return from school I was required at first merely to help out by wiping the dishes and arranging the table. Little by little I was taught other arts of housekeeping, sweeping and dusting, the making of beds, marketing, the economies of the household, and so on. Then came instruction in the nicer duties of mending and sewing, and at last careful training in cooking and the entire art of running a household. I was instructed by systematic reading and study of cookery books and higher treatises on the domestic sciences and arts in all their intricate and delightful branches.

Naturally gifted with these accomplishments, I made rapid progress and devoted myself so enthusiastically to my new and fascinating interests that I overtook my wife and was enabled at last to give up my position in business. My revered wife then availed herself of the opportunity which she had long held in reserve pending my perfection in the arts of housekeeping, and she has since been employed in the managing boards of several progressive organizations for the advancement of sex and social uplift, leaving me to devote my entire time to the care, subject always, of course, to the supreme guidance of her discerning supervision.

As a result has more than justified the highest aspirations of feminism. Not only have I proved by my own experience that my sex has not lost those finer feelings and natural aptitudes which fit it to fill the most exalted and useful positions of life, but by freeing my noble wife from the employments of domesticity which were so vexatious to the loftier ambitions of her womanhood, she has been instrumental in assisting the full development of her sublime personality, a depth and strength of character which has won for her the warmest admiration and the preeminent representative of the most progressive ideals of feminism and a living exponent of the unqualified superiority of her sex.

Of my children I have permitted to be no more than brief incidents in the more important career of my beloved wife. I assumed the entire care of them from birth to the present.

I sincerely hope that this brief history may open the eyes of your correspondent who signed herself "Feminist." F. L. M.  
PLAINFIELD, N. J., May 26.

BURNING THE KREMLIN.

Napoleon Made His Escape on Foot by a Postern.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The interesting account in THE SUN of May 25 of Napoleon's escape from the burning Kremlin speaks of the Emperor "in the saddle" and of "maddened horses" which would not pass the North gate. In De Segur's interesting and fascinating book "La Campagne de Russie" he nowhere speaks of any horses, but he tells of the difficulty of persuading Napoleon to leave the palace and to go out to the front. "Le feu est au Kremlin," said Napoleon, and he ordered that they guide him out of the city; that the flames blocked all the exits of the city and that they drove them back; that after some searching they discovered in the walls a "poterne" (a back door or gate) which led to Moscow, and it was by this narrow way that Napoleon and his officers escaped from the Kremlin.

The author also describes vividly the dire straits of the Emperor and his staff. He says that when they came out of the Kremlin they could neither stand still, fall back nor advance, deafened by the tempest, blinded by the ashes; the streets lost in the smoke and the rubbish; the Emperor and his officers were driven back by the roar of the flames increased. A single narrow, crooked street, all burning, offered the only way out of the city. The Emperor (Segur) further says that the heat burnt their eyes, which they had to keep open and fixed on the dangers; that they marched on a ground of fire, under a sky of fire, between two walls of fire, and their burning hands were brushed off the sparks which covered them at each instant, and penetrated their clothing. He hummed in as they were thus by the flames horses were certainly out of the question. De Segur does not mention them. He was one of the party and an eye witness, and if they had been thus hampered by horses he certainly would have mentioned it. He further says "L'Empereur s'enlaca, a pied et sans hesiter, sur le feu, et se laissa aller. Il eut sa tige, et il eut son salut. Il eut son salut, et il eut son salut."

JOHN W. BECKMAN.  
PERTH AMBOY, N. J., May 25.

Jacob Rils and Theodore Roosevelt.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: A very human man of intense enthusiasm was the late Jacob A. Rils. With all his sentimentalism he could be practical in his energetic and earnest way. To me called "the father of the public playgrounds in New York" was no small fame. Mr. Rils had a genius for interesting people in his reforms, and Colonel Roosevelt himself felt his spell. Their friendship was creditable to each of them; to Mr. Rils because it proved the worth of his services to society, and to Colonel Roosevelt because it showed the support of his friend's projects the support of a great democratic influence. Jacob A. Rils was a power for good not only in this community but throughout the country, alien as he was by birth and humbler by station than the noblest of the aristocrats. Such a struggle up from obscurity to honorable usefulness is peculiar to this country, and there was no better citizen than this Danish emigrant.

NEW YORK, MAY 26.

Dr. Wu of the Venus Life.

From Daily Consul and Trade Reports.  
The Venus Life Assurance Company, with headquarters in New York, has formally opened offices. On the board of directors are a number of highly prominent Chinese, among them Dr. Wu Ting-fang, for many years American Minister at Washington.

PENNSYLVANIA POLITICS.

The Planting Is Finished—What Will the Harvest Be?

PHILADELPHIA, May 26.—The greatest political battle in the history of Pennsylvania has already begun in an unrelenting struggle that means much to the victor, and Siberian exile or worse to the defeated. A Governor of the State and a Senator in Congress are to be elected on November 3 next, the Senator by popular vote for the first time; and upon the outcome will depend whether Theodore Roosevelt will be eliminated politically from American politics or become the great leader of a reunited Republican party, commissioned by it as the recognized champion to enter the great electoral Woodrow Wilson for the Presidency in 1916. The result will also determine the future of Senator Penrose, whether he is to be swept from leadership in State and nation, or become even more potent in political councils than ever before, and because of the influence this Pennsylvania election will have upon the three great parties, Republican, Democratic and Progressive, the issue becomes even vitally national.

Herewith is a showing of political seed planting in Pennsylvania, from which result will be determined the harvest of November 3.

Presidential vote 1904: Roosevelt, 840,649; Parker, 335,430; a Roosevelt majority of 505,219.

Presidential vote 1908: Taft, 745,779; Bryan, 448,785.

Presidential vote 1912: Taft, 275,305; Wilson, 395,619; Roosevelt, 447,426.

Governor's election 1910: The Hon. John K. Tener, 413,683; William H. Berry, 345,306; 282,127; Webster Grim, Old Guard Democrat, 129,395.

Under the statewide primary election law of 1913 there was a party enrollment last fall, which held good for the primary election of May 19, with a supplemental enrollment in April, and as officially promulgated by the Republican State Committee, the total enrollment for the primary election of May 19 was: Republican, 681,485; Democratic, 374,617; Progressive, 114,611; a clear Republican majority of 192,257 in the enrollment.

The vote cast for candidates at the statewide primary on May 19 was: The Hon. Benno Penrose, Republican Senator for eighteen years, 200,000; the Hon. Benjamin Dimmock, Republican, 100,000; or 300,000 less than the enrollment; the Hon. A. Mitchell Palmer, Administration Democrat, 125,000; Henry Budd, Anti-Administration Democrat, 100,000; the Hon. Gifford Pinchot, Progressive, 90,000. The Senatorial figures are not wholly official; a few counties where elections were held in the backwoods have yet to report official results, the vote from those districts being estimated.

If Gifford Pinchot was a recognized resident of Pennsylvania and had ever attended a Republican State convention, or if he even resembled Colonel Roosevelt in personal appearance, his vote would be materially increased.

SHIPS IN HEAVY SEAS.

Why Bad Weather Troubles the Liners More Than the Old Clippers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I called on an old sea captain in Brooklyn a short time ago with whom I used to go to sea. The conversation led to the subject of the terrible weather and mountainous seas encountered by the big liners. The captain remarked that there is no more sea than there ever was.

This is true; there were just as many heavy gales and seas and storms when the Mayflower of 180 tons with 101 Pilgrims crossed the North Atlantic in September, 1620, as there are now. The old Liverpool packets used to encounter seas as heavy as those which the big liners encounter in the "dead of winter" as the Imperator does now.

The difference is that the old sailing ships used to "heave to" and ride out the heavy gales, without the loss of anything except time. We read of such and such liner having hurricane squalls and mountainous head seas, but the old men of the sea would say that "heave to" was a thing in days past. The difference is that the big liners create the conditions they encounter by being forced into the very jaws of the storm by the momentum applied to one of our stanch old clipper ships would have sent her to "Davy Jones's locker" if she was forced into a sixty mile gale with mountainous head seas. Sailing ships "heave to" under such conditions and were not even supposed to "head reach"; on the contrary, they drifted away from the wind and sea and actually made good weather of it.

I have seen a flush deck ship deeply loaded, with low freeboard, riding out one of those heavy gales with mountainous seas, and the watch on deck, huddled under the lee of the deck house, smoking their pipes as comfortably as a bug in a rug.

A well found sailing ship, properly handled, "heave to" in the heaviest gale and most mountainous of seas, is as safe as a rock. The sailing ship is a creature of the sea. Not so on a big liner with smashed boats, stanchions torn away, decks ripped up and water flying over the smokestacks. If they did not fight the seas the seas would do them no harm.

ARRINGTON H. CARMAN.

PATCHOQUE, L. I., May 25.

A Tribute: The Colonel Is the Very Best of Correspondents.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: On the day after the Roosevelt campaign at Oyster Bay I sent him a brief telegram of welcome. I suppose there were hundreds of the same formal kind sent him. To-day I got a courteous note of reply, signed by Colonel Roosevelt, and it was no rubber stamp, but his own genuine signature. Perhaps I should add that I am only a common, ordinary acquaintance of the great man.

He had just returned to his family after a separation of six months. He had passed through great suffering, undoubtedly, and was certainly not recovered from the hardships of his trip. According to the newspapers, between the time he received my telegram and the acknowledgment of it he was in constant conference with his friends. He had an important lecture to deliver to-morrow. My telegram could have waited. It really didn't call for an answer, at least not an early one. Under the circumstances I am in white apparel.

In the last fifteen years I have had occasion to write to many public men. None of them has so promptly and so graciously answered me as Colonel Roosevelt. Many of them do not pretend to answer their correspondence in person. A rubber stamp has done yeoman service in most cases.

To me it is most precious. It is one of the many sides of Colonel Roosevelt's character, in which he differs from the ordinary man.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., May 25.

The Size of Angels.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: On the authority of the Book upon which our belief